THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1847. WHOLE NO. 1334.

Original Poem.

THE HOPE OF MAN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY DAVID L. HOATH.

I.

Power of Brain,
Loose thy rein,
Reach darkness from the soul;
The chain unbind
From the mind,
Spread the Truth from pole to pole;
Triangle down
The earthly crown,
Cause a song of peace to rise—
In each land,
Hand in hand,
Brothers join and tell the skies!

II.

See the star
Dance afar!
The cloud that's hanging o'er the world;
A mighty sheet
Is ringing out,
Tyrants from their throne see hurl'd!
A little while,
And all shall smile,
Peace in every clime shall reign—
Man shall see
No bear knee—
Brothers, either! and not in vain!

III.

Then the dust
The sword shall rust,
Joy revive the stricken-low;
The reason's roar
Shall be no more
A summons to the scene of woe—
Sea of Toil,
Age and Youth,
All the cause as best you can:
Let the cry
Rise on high,
Freedom is the Hope of Man!

Augusta, Georgia.

Original Tales.

LAURA LYLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. C. H. BUTLER.

"Tired! Oh, no, little Laura Lyle, you must never think of being tired! What would become of the great wide for but to wield the little steel wand you ply so dexterously—not to play with your silken tassel, or your locket, or in listless indifference to it all? And those eyes in whose depths the light of an innocent soul is playing—they may not turn from the endless

"Beam, gonnet and bead,
Fond, gonnet and seam,"

to look abroad upon the scenes of nature, or rest their sunny beams upon printed pages! Certainly not—no, no, Laura, good as you are, pretty as you are, such luxuries are not for you. You cannot afford to be tired! It will do for the fine lady and pretty pet for your words with coveted skill—page, and superfluous airs—it will do for her to stretch her languid form upon couches of satin or down—while sipping her chocolate at eleven, rouge, or early tasting—then cute the leaves of the last magazine or novel, and has recourse to her mezzotinto to remove her morning's ennui—but not for you—for, Laura, don't think of it! Nay dear sis—me, the stars yet twinkle in their native heaven—the dew of the morn is on the grass—the eastern sky—but no late chamber the term of Laura is flitting busily about, that she may be ready for the duties of the day—for the labors of the day, that her aged grand-mother may not have to tire her feeble limbs, and then with her basket on her arm she goes cheerily through the streets until she reaches her daily pittance home.

And now it is night—dark night. There is feasting and mirth in the halls of wealth—in low, damp cellars there is moaning for bread, and thin clammy fingers clutching for the last crust. Laura sits down with stealthy tread, prowls through the streets, and meanly folding her tattered garb around, lies down at the threshold of Dives—perhaps to sleep—but again in her chamber the slight figure of Laura is bending over her work. The light of the taper is low, and her eyes dim for want of rest—no matter, the work must be done, or the fashionable Mrs. Dorsal will withdraw her patronage—yes, the needle ministry, poor child, and remember, you are to receive nearly one half of what your labor is worth!

Mrs. Lyle, the grandmother of Laura, a stern, morose woman, was now in her seventieth year. Her sister, too, had sailed the voyage of time, and for some months she had been supported almost entirely by the industry of her grand-child. Unlike the usual fitting population of such miserable dwellings as the one in which Mrs. Lyle had her abode, she had occupied the same apartments for a series of years, without managing to pay a cent—and though in reality a trifling sum, was a heavy demand upon her small avails. With her neighbors she had but little intercourse. Her stern manner chocked the advances even of the boldest, and it was only when sickness or trouble fell upon them that they ventured that they ventured that their child forbidding woman had a heart to aid and sympathize with them in their distress.

That she had always occupied the same humble sphere, was improbable—could the page be turned back to many a life-book, which now is veiled and fettered deeply in thick folds of mystery and guilt, would be found that friends and fortune had alike united when first that little beauty—Until this sickness of Mrs. Lyle, no child could be more carefully or tenderly nurtured than Laura. With all her labors she never found time to be unmindful of the attention of her grand-child, and had stored her mind from her earliest years, with lessons of piety and goodness. As the grew up, she watched over her with jealous care—never suffering the companionship of those of her own age, nor seldom allowing her to go forth into the street, either to church or elsewhere, unaccompanied by herself. But when she f-ll ill, then Laura was forced at once upon her as a sacrifice—no longer a child, she stepped forth a child of womanly single heartedness to the support of her grand-mother, pouring by her affection and assiduity, as well as by the fruits of her industry, all the lessons of her aged relative had not been in vain.

Laura had been introduced to the notice of Mrs. Dorsal as a seamstress. This lady, unfurnished by any off-course of charity or counterintelligence, and finding Laura intelligent, able and trustworthy, was patient to her whims, and above all, one who gave the greatest number of hours for the least money. Credit could not be under her patronage. The large rous gift of beauty was hers, though she knew it n't—and the blessing of a cheerful, contented heart, which let in only the sun-light of happiness upon her young life. She thought not of hardship, therefore she never complained, and Mrs. Lyle accustomed always to her smiles, and hearing only her voice fall upon her ear like a tone of sweet music, saw not, even with her watchful eye, that the cheek of Laura gradually paled, and her step grew less elastic under the constant toil to which she devoted herself.

Mrs. Archibald Duval was a fashionable lady—her grown up daughters were very fashionable young ladies, and her little girls unexcessively fashionable little girls. Mr. Byron Duval was an exquisite young gentleman—a marvellous beauty about the mouth," and Master Scott Duval, a most charming ly genial little boy, who could repeat verses—possessed a prodigious ear for music, and wore his hair parted in curls each side of his cherubic face. No one could look at Mr. Archibald Duval, the head of this interesting family, without thinking of Xisop's aspiring frog—which frog, had he worn a cravat, or did Mr. Duval, the resemblance would have been irresistible. Assisted by the dignity embibed in this appendage, the round, double, ruddcast chin of Mr. Duval formed a sort of barometer, indicating by its sinking or rising in its "depths profound," the storms or the sunshine, which fortune sited around his fellow-voyagers on the sea of life by which prognostications he kept his own barque safe from the shoals of poverty, and had he seen his nearest friend wrecked thereon, he would, if friendly aid, Mr. Duval possessed too much stoicism to be moved thereby. Such was the family under whose lover Laura Lyle was earned her daily bread.

In a small back chamber, in the third story of Mr. Duval's very elegant mansion, were her days passed in one unceasing round of labor—there the room stood a table, on which was placed a huge wicker basket filled to overflowing with work Dresses, aprons, shirts, collars, sleeves, petticoats—satin caps, gloves to mend, stockings to darn, shoes to string, and then, in case she should get through with all this, and have a moment to herself, Mrs. Duval had ossiderily prepared a quantity of worsted work to be done at such odd times. Yet strange as it may appear, Laura was not only satisfied, but happy—so happy that oftimes when alone, a low gush of melody would come from her rosy lips, seeming to hallow that little room, to innocence and goodness she was not always left to herself, however. Of course the young ladies were too elegant to speak to a sewing girl—of course they were, but the little girls, and even Master Scott, were often sent up to the work room when the nursery maid was seated, where, by pulling, tearing and trying on all sorts of garments they might be supposed to wonderfully assist poor Laura's operations. But she loved children, and by her gentleness and patience soon won them to love her also. After a while they ceased to accost her and would sit very quietly with their dolls, while Laura would amuse them as she worked by the recital of little tales and verses suited to their years, and one day Mrs. Duval was absolutely startled as she entered the room rather suddenly, to hear the boy, by the bye, to detect a sectured voice, and the words, "I find her crouching low," Miss Athanasia, actually seated on the lap of her seamstress, while Miss Clorinda, who six years old was standing between her sister's knees, was seated on the chair behind, with her little arms encircling Laura's neck! Nevertheless, policy overcame her propensity—shocked nerves, for it found it very convenient to have them with Laura, whom she could not but acknowledge, was so much the more desirable for the reason that she was not to be paid for her labors.

Some months after Mr Byron Duval was in a hurry for his gloves, which had been sent up stairs to be mended. He rang the bell several times, but as Laura was unusually engaged, was forthcoming, in no very amiable frame of mind he condescended to mount the stairs himself in search of them. But on opening the door upon the light of the work-room the frown gave place to a rude stare of admiration. Laura was sitting with her back to the door—the golden braid drawn out her head, and displaying the wealth of golden hair around her, which they were plaiting and curling in all imaginable ways, while she herself, in the most quiet, quaint, lively little air was mending the identical glove of which he had come in quest.

"Oh, here is Byron," cried Clotilda, "do look here, brother, see what beautiful long hair Laura has got—isn't it a great deal prettier than sister Maria's?"

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Untied from that morning, the visits of Mr. Byron Duval became frequent—with a desire to the mystery and of Laura, who, too unpresuming to believe her self the object of such distinguished honor, supposed it was merely on the children's account he came—thus giving him credit for a stretch of fraternal solicitude of which he had never before been accused.

"Oh, mamma, we must have some tableaux!" cried Augusta Duval and her sister in the same breath, and both rushed into their mother's dressing room from a tete of fashionable morning visits.

"We must indeed, mamma," continued Maria. "They got up so nicely the other night at the Archers, the most magnificent things, I am told."

"Yes," added Augusta, "and only think, the very next morning after Miss Flora Archer's party, my dear young Jacobs, the rich Jew, offered her his hand!"

"Well, well, my dear, we'll think about it," said Mrs. Duval, "no what you say—but I'll tell you, my excellent news for you, girls, better than all your tableaux scenes. Now tell me which of you two has the handsomest foot—don't you see? Now sis you eyes upon it so—there—now put your right foot forward—now hold up your head—there—now mind don't stir or you'll spoil the picture." Confused as she was, Laura had tact enough to know the words depended upon herself, and she sat quite still, and when the curtain rose, surprise and pleasure for a moment held the spectators mute. It was indeed a beautiful picture—the perfect resemblance of Laura—her slight child-like figure, and the graceful attitude she had unconsciously assumed—corresponded well with the loveliness and purity with which St. Faerie has invested the ill-fated Vivian.

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And now the whole house was converted as it were into a Fancy Fair. The tables, the sofas the chairs, even the carpets were scattered with books of prints, annuals, engravings, costumes, &c., while here and there, scarfs, sandals, ribbons, helmets, flowers and daggers, mingled in odd companion-ship. The most beautiful dresses were in preparation for the momentous occasion, and away up in the little room with the sweet bird Laura was kept busier than ever. How swiftly flew her nimble fingers over the light scarfs to be spangled, and through the glittering folds of silver muslin and pearly satin, or seated admiringly on the rich surface of velvet she was adorning with cord and tassels of gold! And for the time our humble little seamstress forgot all in fancy through all the gorgeous scenes of the Arabian Nights, which from association her imagination peopled with. Now she was to weave the most beautiful things might have envied Laura's pleasure.

The long expectated evening at length arrived, and at the specified hour the drawing-rooms of Mrs. Duval presented a brilliant array of beauty and fashion assembled to witness the tableaux which were expected to eclipse anything of the kind ever before represented. Dorsey had declined taking any part in the performance, and was glad to be relieved by the ocean objectionable to the young ladies, as he would thereby have a much more favorable opportunity of beholding their charms.

All is ready. The gay laugh and lively conversation subsides into a low murmur of expectant voices—the lights are softened, and to a gentle symphony of sweet sounds the curtain slowly rises, disclosing Miss Maria as Queen Elizabeth, in the act of presenting her scarf-token to the Earl of Leicester before the revellers at Kenilworth Castle. Her majesty looked exceedingly regal, and amid a burst of enthusiasm, which Laura would almost have mistaken for Shetue's Maria—and Miss Augusta Duval was discovered by the admiring audience, leaning in the attitude of a love-sick maiden on a garden-gate, and to the sound of a lover's guitar, which was played by Miss Clorinda, who six years old was standing between her sister's knees, was crowned on the chair behind, with her little arms encircling Laura's neck! Nevertheless, policy overcame her propensity—shocked nerves, for it found it very convenient to have them with Laura, whom she could not but acknowledge, was so much the more desirable for the reason that she was not to be paid for her labors.

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United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1847.

TERMS.

Single copies $5 per annum, in advance—$3 if not paid in advance.

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For FIVE DOLLARS, we send a copy of the Saturday Evening Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, or Godey's Lady's Book, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine, Sears' Pictorial Magazine—or, two copies of the Saturday Evening Post, and one copy of either the Ladies' National Magazine, Sears' Pictorial Magazine, or "The Forester," for 1847—or we will send two copies of the Saturday Evening Post, and one copy of Graham's Magazine, or Godey's Lady's Book, for one year.

For TEN DOLLARS, we will send six copies of the Saturday Evening Post, one copy of "The Forester," for 1847, and one copy of either the Ladies' National Magazine, Sears' Pictorial Magazine, Graham's Magazine, or Godey's Lady's Book, for one year.

TO THOSE IN ARREARS.

Subscribers who are in arrears will please remember on their dues through the mail, without waiting to be called upon by our collectors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE WIDOW'S LAMENT. This poem is accepted.

Sons of the Revolution. Your favor is received and the accompanying articles give evidence of talent, but are not quite good enough for our columns.

THE DRUNKARD'S SON. This poem has good passages, but as a whole we must respectfully decline it. The "Exile" is accepted.

FOURTH OF MARCH. The poem, also, is very unequal—and he bought in another objection. We regret that it will hardly answer our purpose.

THE RECORDER'S SONG is accepted.

MEN OF GENIUS.

Every one remembers the fable of the lion and the mouse. The lion caught the mouse, and was about to listen, and took the lion to see a painting where a man was represented astride of the king of beasts. To prove the fable by his practice. "Ah," said the lion, "we lions have no painters."

We have often thought of this fable when we have seen how long and tedious are many of our poetical and literary men in general, enabling them to the aisles as the noblest class of mankind. But is it so? Not necessarily, by any means. The man of action is greater than the man of mere words. The man who does a heroic deed, is greater than the man who can only sing about it—even though he sing no never post song before. We know well it sometimes happens that the great poet would be, if the times demanded it, a great hero; but we also know that it often does not so happen. Many are the men that have done such deeds of nobleness and self sacrifice, that a period itself has run like electric fire through Heaven, who have had no power of utterance to clothe in fitting words the native grandeur of their souls. And many are the men who have sung of the Prophets of Freedom in strains that seemed caught from the anthems of the morning stars, who had lived in the days of a holy fathers, would have been among those who persecuted those Prophets to the death.

"But the lions have no painters" and when the poet sings

> "The poet's soul rejoices
> An acre of tougher wire'n'an the sword,"

the falsehood, for all the men of action can say in words to the contrary, must go unanswered. For just the less he their answer with the ring of their great deeds—and whatever the cultivated few may awe, the great masses of society instinctively give the honor to great deeds, and to great men.

But though the natural tendency of literary men, as of all other classes of society, is to magnify their own order, still truth is paramount, and will make itself acknowledged even in spite of all the paltry prejudices of party or creed. Thus, notwithstanding the bias we have stated above, where shall we find a stronger testimony to the important truth that not what a man can imagine of nobleness, but what he is of nobleness, is the true test of his greatness, than in the following extract from a splendidly written article upon Mr. Webster, by the same author:—

"Foolish critics and others who cannot see beyond the narrow horizon of literary effect, have denied genius to be the creative power. The poet is truly what a man creates, but what he is created that change him as a genius, so our theory is stated. The man of talent is he who has his faculties most at command, who can use them ability to produce results—the only kind of creation granted to man. But the man of genius is possessed by that genuine genius of his, and is led by it not to the dreary seats of mediocrity, but sometimes into the vale of the wilderness, as it were, there to kneel over his foreseeking thoughts or commune with his own latter tears and rocking heart-struggles, till he is worthy, baptized in fire, a prophet and reformer."

MARSHAL NEY AN AMERICAN.

A long article recently appeared in the Southern Literary Messenger, in which many very plausible reasons are given for believing that the famous Marshal Ney, the bravest of the brave, was not other than Michael Rudolph, of Lee's Legion, which corps did such effective service during the Revolutionary War.

Rudolph was born at Elkton, in Maryland, and his parents either were Germans, or of German extraction. He joined the Americans army as a common soldier, when he was little over sixteen years of age. When he first arrested attention, he was a Captain in Lee's celebrated regiment, which was made up of picked men.

"In 1779, he was chosen as the leader of the ten men happy men, the British fleet at Penobscot Bay was to be attacked. This post was held by a strong body of British and Hessians under the command of Major Southerland. It lay in full view of the British garrison at Fort Pownall, and, under such circumstances, it argued no little audacity in the assailants to attempt it. But the attempt was successful. The fort was taken by surprise and storm, and the commander, Major Southerland, at the head of his sailing party, amply justified the confidence of his commander."

In a short time after, Rudolph was raised to the rank of Major; and during the remainder of the war he conduct, it is said was distinguished by remarkable daring, and a great fondness for stratagems.

The next place where Rudolph is found is in the war against the Indians in the year 1794. He commanded a corps under Wayne, and maintained his high reputation. But it appears that he quarrelled with Wayne and resigned his commission.

"The next tidings of Rudolph describe him as returning home, after the absence of a year, and stopping for a night at the residence of a friend. Here he listens to a domestic recitation, of the most cruel and humiliating character. Such a sort, indeed, as to determine him not again to return to his family. To this resolve, with the dawn of the morning day, he departs from the dwelling of his brother without the knowledge, and the next we hear of him is as an adventurer, about to sail from the Chesapeake in a small vessel laden with tobacco, and destined to St Domingo, or to a port in France.

"The next and the last glimpse across the career of Rudolph is afforded us by the venerable Mr. Ogontz, of Germantown. Major Jacob McClellan, was a beaten friend of Rudolph, and in whose company young Rudolph first beheld, and learned to love s and to admire the youthful hero, who was then a stranger and a wanderer. He also knew among his American comrades. He tells us that Rudolph visited him after a letter full of the French revolutionary fire—full of enthusiasm for the rights of mankind. To engage the object of which was to persuade the latter to seek for fame in revolutionary France. McClellan did not adopt the counsel, and here the correspondence of Rudolph ends. The close we cut at this point.

"But, with the mammoth of Michael Rudolph's disappearance, we have the rise of Michael Ney—a man distinguished for the very qualities of war which peculiarly marked the genius of Rudolph—a man without education, but with rare talents and force of character—forever among the brave, and exquisitely skilled in stratagem. Michael is not a very ordinary name, and Ney is almost no name at all. A man, marshal in his pride and his effections, and going into voluntary exile, might well assume, for a name, a negation such as this."

It is said that the suspicion of Rudolph's identity with Ney, is by no means of recent origin. It was entertained at a very early period, and by some of the first persons in America.

General Pinckney stated to a gentleman who had known Rudolph in his youth, that while a resident in France, as American Minister, he had learned that there was in the army of the Rhine an American officer who had greatly distinguished himself—his fame, every inquiry, not a doubt remained in his mind that the American officer was his old friend, Michael Rudolph.

The General was restrained from pushing his inquiries further in France, from the fear that they might draw down upon the officer the jealousy of the French Government.

"Michael Ney was unquestionably the officer thus pointed at. He was in Kleber's German Legion; and Rudolph, being of German parentage, at the head of Elk, spoke the German language. The character of Ney was then closely analyzed, so far as the materials could be obtained for such a study by several Americans. His career was watched with great interest. As was to have said already, distinguished for his eager spirit, his skill in stratagem, his determined bravery, in a word, by the true characteristics which were ascribed to the military operations of Rudolph. Like Rudolph, Ney was an unlettered man.

"When the news of the trial and condemnation of Michael Ney reached this country, a well known and highly respected citizen of the South, through the medium of a friend at Washington, addressed certain inquiries, with regard to the fate of Marshal Grenchy, who had then only lately reached our shores. These questions were as follows:

"Was Marshal Ney about 5 feet 8 inches in height—a muscular man, though not fat; of high, florid complexion, grey eyes, sandy hair, somewhat inclined to be bald, and fair complexion;—and did he speak English?

"The reply of Marshal Grenchy affirmed the correctness of this description. He said: 'It accorded with that of Ney—that he had served in the same division with Ney, and that Ney spoke expectedly pronounced—*that he did speak English*—like his home, and he sometimes, on occasions when English prisoners had been taken, Ney himself had examined them apart.'

"Subsequently, the same inquiries were addressed to William H. Crawford, of Georgia, who had seen much of Ney while in France. Mr. Crawford's testimony on the subject of Ney's personal appearance, also affirmed the description given above. He said that 'Marshal Ney seemed to be much attached to himself' and often 'named him at his table—*he never spoke a word of English while in his presence*, through him.' Mr. Crawford, did not speak one word of French. The conferences were conducted through Dr. Parkman, the secretary of legation in French—as especially pronounced—*that he did speak English*—like his home, and he sometimes, on occasions when English prisoners had been taken, Ney himself had examined them apart.'

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General Lallemand, who resided in the neighborhood of Philadelphia about the year 1818, is said to have declared that his countrymen Ney and Rudolph were the same person. Lallemand, among other particulars, said that when spoken of by his enemies, as the Englishman, Ney was commonly called 'The Foreign Tobacco Merchant.' That he understood and spoke the English language perfectly well, and with that of the Scotch—*but never spoke a word of English while in his presence*.

Although Mr. Crawford

United States SATURDAY POST.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Chicago, Ill., Gen. to our Agent for Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, and Wisconsin. The following are Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41,

Selected Poetry.

FROM THE NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER.

THE ATLANTIC'S BELL.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

[In 24 h tembling and remarkable fact that the bell of the Atlantic cable, by recent position of the wreck and the contiguous rock, still continues to toll, except by heavy surges, the requiem of the dead.]

Toll, toll, toll,
Thou bell by billows swung,
And night and day thy warning words
Repeat with mournful tongue!
Toll for the queenly boast,
Which'd on you rocky shoal,
Fam-vowed in her palace halls,
Who thine the sorrys no more!

Toll for the Master bold,
The high-soul'd and the brave,
Who ruff'd her like a thing of life
Amid the roused wave!
Toll for the lonely wave,
Home of the storm and blast,
Who long the tyrant Ocean tho'd,
But it vanquish'd at last!

Toll for the Men of Coal,
Whose hollow'd veins of prayer
Rose calm above the artless grave
Of that intrepid despair!
How precious were those tears
On that sad verge of life,
Amid the furor and livening storm,
And the mountain billows' strife!

Toll for the lower lost
To the mariner's bold train!
Might glows a pleasure on his breast,
Beneath the sailcloth's mass—
One from her connexion graced
Long o'er the watry sea;
He rounds not, pale maiden,
His heart is cold to thee!

Toll for the absent sire,
Who to his home fain'd near,
To blow a glad expecting group,
Fond wife and children dear!
They long the blazing hearth,
The festal board is spread,
But a fearful guest is at the gate
Room for the shrouded dead!

Toll for the lov'd and fair,
The wheels'd beneath the tide,
The broken hope around whose wings
The dull sea murmurs low,
Mother and nestling sweet,
Hall from the household dawn,
There's hister weeping at the nest
Where breath'd their soul of song.

Toll for the brave that bleed
Beneath misery's forrowing tears!
Toll for the helpless orphan left
The last of all his race!
Yes, with thy knewest knell
From surge to rocky shore,
Toll for the living, not the dead,
Whose mortal woes are o'er!

Toll, toll, toll,
O'er brave and fellow foe,
And with thy startling bell-note instruct
Each rover of the sea;
Tell how o'er prondest joys
May end disastrous sweep,
And bid him build his hopes on high,
Love Tracker of the deep.

Choice Selections.

THINGS IN FRANCE.

[We extract the following interesting passage, from a letter from Paris, under date of Oct. 31st, recently published in the Galena Gazette:]

It is quite cold to-day, and I have been obliged to have a fire; I therefore purchased two francs' worth of wood. There is a marchand de bois across the street, who occupies not a spacious wood-yard, as you would probably imagine, but a small shop, and that shop, small as it is, is large enough to store many thousand francs' worth of this precious article. They would no more think of exposing it to the depredations of the rainy and unprincipled, in the open air, than a silver-smith with us, would pile up his wares in a yard; why, while the marchand de bois was loading away, some wounded might fill his pockets and he off for two francs! I got twenty-three sticks, short sticks, rather small, and for two sous each. I purchased two bundles of kindlings in faggots. It is, I believe about a franc and a half for fifty pounds.

The shop of the marchand de bois is decorated outside with paintings of piles of wood in perspective, pasted on the shutters. Inside, for the display of gold in the broker's windows, only less real, they sell also chatbon de terre and charbon de bois They also sell (it would surprise you to hear it) small pine cones, four for a sous, for fuel. In the winter they burn English coal, which is dear too, mixed with wood. The houses in France, are not built by command, and great complaints are made of the high duty on English coal. ——— astonished his brother by telling him he had bought up while cheap *all*, many thousand francs' worth of wood in one night! Their manner of sawing wood surpasses the value they put upon it; a man is employed saying it to the rude contact of a saw-horse, they hold it carefully in their hands, and rub it up and down the saw! The sawdust is of course carefully preserved; they would as soon waste gold-dust. A good deal might be said on the influence which the scarcity of fuel has had on the French character in driving them to the cafe and the spectacle, from the fireside, &c.

The wooden shoes and frogs, which make up the English idea of the French, are by no means so prominent as might have been expected. The frogs are a rarity, as cooked frogs, and are charged for extra at the restaurants; I have not eaten any of them yet, but mean to some time, to see how they taste. The wooden shoes are worn by the lower classes, men, women and children. They don't prevent the slightest resemblance to a brother school-ma'am, are a great deal larger than the foot, and in consequence rattle up and down on the pavement with a frightful noise. They are painted black, have a strap to hold them on, and are turned up at the toes.

The ne-rat police are rather startling; though my admiration of the government is unbounded, I confess I was a little surprised the first time, to see a secret gentleman and his wife walk into the dining-room, throw open the landlord's desk, examine the papers, search everywhere without a "by your leave," and go out as unceremoniously as they entered.

The great genius of the French nation seems to be tat for creating, but originality they put everybody that has an occupation in any degree public, into uniform, place them under government supervision; and after that a tremendous long name or an enormous brass plate. Beaus, by the way, is the Frenchman's passion; they have beaus window-curtains, beaus chairs, and some pounds of beau on every police man and gendarme. The scavenger, sweeping the gutters, has on his hat a large brass plate brilliantly inscribed with the inscription "Cachemiere de Soubtoile." The omnibus, cab, hack, and all drivers of public vehicles, wear a uniform, and the way the omnibus men jump off and on the steps is their wooden stampers! All the vehicles are minutely registered in a book. The extra caution takes against imposition on the passenger.

Every driver and vehicle are numbered, and the man is obliged to give his number upon paper on entering. The prices are regulated by the Prefect of the police, and are printed on a card nailed up in the vehicle; they are cheap, though rather slow and ugly looking. The cheapness of the omnibuses is surprising. You can go to any part of Paris, on a variety of routes for one sous. The cabs are one franc for any distance within the walls, which may be eight miles, or one franc five sous an hour.

The government issues the most admirable permissions to guard against imposition For instance no jewelry is allowed to be sold in the omnibuses or stores, without the government stamp, and all shops where imitation of silver and gold are sold, are obliged to have on their signs "Faux Bijoux."

THE IRON MOUNTAIN IN MISSOURI.

Doctor Feuchtwanger, in a communication to Hunt's Magazine, gives an account of the Iron Mountain Railroad, and adds also a description of another iron mass in the same vicinity, which is called Pilot Knob. The Dr. thinks that the iron from these two positions is sufficient to last the whole world at least for a hundred years. We copy a portion of his account as follows:

"The material in the Pilot Knob has never been used for casting purposes, but, some years ago, forged into some manufactured and forged from the crude ore. The quantity of pig iron produced at present is about ten tons per day, performed by four discharges in twenty-four hours; but the present furnace having given way, it must be replaced by a more substantial and larger one, which is estimated to produce twenty tons per day. The distance from the Iron Mountain to the landing on the Mississippi River, is forty miles, and it costs but one quarter of a cent per pound for transportation. I have seen wagons loaded with pig metal, each having four thousand pounds, and performing the trip in four days, at an average rate of ten dollars each.

"The Iron Mountain proper is about a mile and a half long, and about one mile broad—rather more than a mile and a half, while the Pilot Knob is twice as high as the Iron Mountain, but has not so much surface. Here you travel upon nothing but iron lumps as far as the eye can reach; there you see the whole top of the mountain forming one sheet of iron. Here they have penetrated but ten feet into the ground—the surface iron being all; while at the Pilot Knob, they have penetrated, on the summit and at the base, at least two hundred feet. The iron ore found here is of the richest kind; it yields at least 60 per cent. of pig metal, and I saw but very few slags lying about the bank of St. Louis, they prefer the pig iron from the Iron Mountain to that of Tennessee. The company intend making, in a short time, twenty tons per day, or 7,000 tons per annum. It would pay a profit to export the ore to other States for smelting, where fuel is more abundant. The supply of the ore in this region is inexhaustible.

"The Iron Mountain is one mile broad, four hundred and forty-four feet high, and three miles long. The lumps of iron increase in size, according to wards the summit. The Pilot Knob is the highest point of ascension in the whole neighborhood, and cannot be less than fifteen hundred feet high; it is said to be a mile from the base to the summit, but this appears highly incredible. The iron ore is a micaceous oxide of iron, but not a magnetic oxide, as some former writers have called it."

A TOUGH STORY.

Not long since, a horse, apparently in the agonies of death, was found standing upon a rock on Middle Island, in Lake Superior, making efforts, as it appeared, to swallow a large cage a hook a few feet from him. When the gentlemen who discovered the animal, approached the spot where he was standing, they endeavored to make him move in the direction he seemed desirous to go, but they could not, by hallooing or whipping, make the poor beast budge an inch. They true could not hit his feet one after another, but could not stir them. One of the gentlemen, fortunately, was present, who, a month or two ago, in that vicinity, had lost his watch and a packing needle drawn out of his pocket by the extraordinary magnetic attraction which he attributable them. It immediately occurred to him therefore, that the rock upon which the horse was standing, was a mass of iron. Subsequent and close examination, it proved to be the fact. The unfortunate animal, while grazing in the vicinity, had wanted clothing rubber and his iron shoes were consequently attracted, and his locomotion stopped as completely as though he had been bolted there with rivets driven through his hoofs.

SHARP SHOOTING.

The recent election of Hon. Caleb Cushing to the office of Colonel of the Massachusetts regiment, reminds us of the epitaph which was written by Miss Gould, of Newburyport, which was intended as a hit on his ambition. It was one of a large number, embracing many of the citizens of Newburyport and vicinity. Mr. Cushing's was as follows:

"Lay aside, all ye dead,
For in the near bed
Repose the body of Cushing;
He has crowded his way
Through the world, as they say,
And now, though he's dead, may be *pushing*."

Mr. Cushing, however, returned the compliment, and replied in the following lines:

"Here lies one whose wit
Without wounding could hit;
And given but his deeds shows her
Having sent every bore
To the shades below,
She has gone down herself—*for a time*."
Lynn News.

Selected Articles.

AWFUL DISCOVERY.

One serene evening, in the middle of August, 1775, Capt. Warmes, the master of the Greenland, whaling, found himself in the neighborhood of an enormous number of icebergs, in about 77 degrees of north latitude. On one side, and within a mile of his vessel, there were closely wedged together about a succession of snow-colored peaks appeared behind each other as far as the eye could reach, showing their snowy summits above the nearest up in that quarter, and that it had probably been so for a long period of time. Capt. Warmes did not feel disposed to meddle with his dangerous neighbors, being no wind he could not move one way or the other, and he therefore kept a strict watch, knowing that he might be said to sail as the ve'y ve contained in their respective places.

About midnight the wind rose to a gale, accompanied by thunder, lightning, and a most awful scene of tremendous thundering, grinding, and crushing noises, gave fearful evidence that the ice was breaking up. The vessel received a violent shock every moment; for the haziness of the atmosphere prevented those on board from discovering in what direction the under water lay; or if there actually was any at all on either side of them. The night was spent in tacking as often as any cause of danger appeared, which was closely watched. In the morning the storm abated, and Capt. Warmes found to his great joy, that his ship had not sustained any serious injury. He remained with anchor and sail on in that quarter, and that it had probably been so for a long period of time. Capt. Warmes did not feel disposed to venture with his vessel any nearer